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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1805.

ESSAYS.

TRAITS OF WOMEN, *FROM SACRED HISTORY.*

E V E.

WOMAN, with all her weaknesses, is a very interesting creature: without her we might sometimes have *fewer troubles*, but should have *no joys*. A man in the single state is but a *fractional part;* and never makes a full *integral* or *whole*, until having married a woman, they two become *one flesh*. The sacred writings, in very emphatical language, express the necessity of woman for society and happiness.—"God said, it is not good that man should be alone. I will make an helpmeet for him." The history of the original formation of woman, whether it be understood *literally* or *allegorically*, is equally instructive. To denote her superior delicacy, she was made out of the clay that had been previously moulded and refined by the Divine Hand.

She was taken out of man.—Not from his head, to rule over him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon; but from his side and under his arm, to be protected,—from near his heart, to be fondly cherished and beloved.——Indeed a malicious wit might further remark, that the *crookedness* of the rib typified the nature of the female sex: but such a sneer, if meant to apply to woman-kind in general, would be equally unjust and unmanly.

Every generous man blames, as well the moralizing Young, as the disappointed, sour-hearted Swift and the petish Pope, for their indiscriminate satires upon women. If either of those celebrated writers had but recollected, *that his mother was a woman*, it might have been enough to have softened the asperity of his invectives.

Mark now, with what rapture our good progenitor received this last best gift of heaven, *Woman!* And indeed his heart might well dance with joy at obtaining such a prize; for, according to the vivid painting of the immortal Milton,

"*Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,*
In all her actions dignity and love."

There had always before been a vacant corner in his heart, which even the unbounded sweets of Paradise could not fill. Neither the perfumes of Eden, nor the enamel of its flowers and blossoms, nor the luxury of its fruits, nor the melody of its groves, could make his heart vibrate in a *tone* of perfect satisfaction.—He felt himself alone.——But when the fair Eve was brought him, he instantly perceived her to be precisely the thing he wanted; and, as if inspired at once with the knowledge of the sacred rites of marriage, he exclaimed, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; her name shall be called woman:" (the sweetest name in the world;) and attracted by this lovely creature, more than by any other kindred, a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto her in the endearing and indissoluble bands of marriage.

"*To the nuptial bower he led her,*"—
But

"*Alas! how quick*
Treads woe in pleasure's footsteps!"

The sad reverse that soon succeeded, with its fatal consequences, is a fitter subject for the grave Divine, than for the lighter pen of

[*H. Balance.*] PHILO BIBLOS.

MISCELLANY.

The Singular History of a Peasant of Syria.

A PEASANT, near Damascus, in the year that the locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell his implements of labor. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, he heard tell of the successes of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, character and origin of this warrior. They related the manner he has arisen from the state of slavery to his present greatness.

The astonished countryman knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. A ray of hope revived in his breast. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounts what he had learnt, and determines to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta where he embarked, and landed at Damietta.—

A son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, is it likely he will acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy upon his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of a famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey.

He enters the capital and repairs to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presents himself and desires permission to speak to him. He urges, he ardently solicits an audience; his dress and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain what he sought for; but his age, that

age to much respected in the East, pleaded in his favor.

One of the officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak to him. "Let him enter," says he. The peasant advances with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approaches the Bey, who was reclining on a sopha, embroidered with silk and gold. The various feelings which oppressed his mind deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he throws himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cries out, "You are my child." The Bey raises him up, endeavors to recollect him, and on a further explanation finding him to be his father, he seats him by his side, and loads him with caresses.

After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt and make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometism.

The generous old Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing lest young people might be dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He stedfastly rejected therefore this offer of his son, and had courage even to remonstrate with him on his change of religion.

Mourat Bey, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in demanded immediate succor, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back to Syria with a small vessel laden withcorn.

The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort and happiness.

THE BREAKFAST.

A Table near the fire, with two Bowls of Chocolate and Bread—Alfred seats himself and calls his Brother Edwin, who enters, leading in a meagre, ragged, shivering little Boy.

Edwin. Oh Alfred, see this poor fellow is almost perished with the cold, and he says he has no fire at home, and no clothes but these rags; come close to our fire, and warm you, don't be ashamed.

Alfred. He looks hungry too, poor child; have you had any breakfast to-day?

Boy. No, Sir, nor yesterday either; I have had nothing to eat since the night before; and yesterday I laid a-bed all day, 'cause it was so cold and stormy, and mammy had no fire, and I had no shoes nor mittens, so I could not go out to beg a little; and so, to-day I was so hungry I crept out a bit.

Edwin. O my! how empty he must be: Oh! here's mamma: this poor boy, mamma, is almost starved; do pray order him some breakfast.

Mrs. T. My dear there is no more chocolate boiled, and that is the last of the loaf which is set before you, and the baker will not be here until noon.

Edwin. Oh Alfred, let us give him half our breakfast.

Alfred. He is very hungry, Edwin, half would be nothing to him; let us give it him all, that he may have one good belly-full.

Edwin. So we will, I will hand you the big bowl, and put it all together.

[*They put all in one bowl, and drawing the table close to the fire, gave the boy a stool, and bid him fall to, he eats greedily, while Alfred stands and looks at him, with a tear rolling down his cheek: Edwin claps his hands, capers and dances round.*]

Edwin. Well done, my hearty. *See* Alfred, *see* how the fellow eats!

Alfred. Hush, Edwin, you will daunt the poor boy.

Boy. Thank you, gentlemen, thank you; I do feel so comfortable now. I have not had so good a breakfast this twelve-month.

Alfred. I am sure I never had so *good* a one in my life.

Edwin. Nor I neither. Much good may it do you, my little shaver: and now, Alfred, let us off to school, we shall have good stomachs for our luncheon.

[*As they go round the house, they see their mamma at the front door, they run up to kiss her.*]

Mrs. T. Come to my arms, my darlings, dearer than ever; take a fond mother's blessing. May God, who delights in mercy, preserve and cherish in my dear boys, that blessed disposition which has prompted them to spare a necessary meal to feed the hungry; and, may they never want means to indulge the sweet source of happiness. Had I provided a breakfast for the poor boy, you would have been pleased to see him eat; but you would not have known that exquisite delight of having yourselves, ministered to his wants, that charming consciousness of having performed a duty which carries with it an immediate reward. By a small self-denial, you have relieved the distress of a fellow creature, and your hearts enjoy a luxury which no sensual gratifications could give: but now, as you have given your breakfasts to a poor hungry boy, come in and partake of one with your happy parents, whose every care is softened by the sweet hopes they form from the amiable dispositions of their children. Your little beggar's other wants shall be attended to, you shall see him comfortably clothed, the distress of his family shall be relieved, and he shall be put in some way of learning to get his own livelihood, and assisting his aged parents, and helpless brothers and sisters.

ON LAUGHING.

WITH respect to laughing, we should consider three things. First, who laughs; secondly, who is laughed at; and thirdly, what the laughing is about. When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his own mind more than in his countenance; for he who laughs aloud at his own joke, is in the court of Comus, considered as a fool. When a merry story is told, you may be allowed to make a little noise in laughing, as it is a kind of compliment to the speaker, and an approbation of the story; but never break into the middle of a story, by laughing; such interruption is very disagreeable, both to the speaker and auditors; besides, you ought to save all your merry ammunition for the end of the tale.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED FROM BURNS'S LETTERS.

By John Evans, A. M.

THE appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish stories are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unpleagued with

the routine of business, for which, heaven knows, I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles—to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers and to muse by the stately towers, or venerable ruins, once the honored abodes of her heroes.

—

The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart greatfully devoted with all its powers to love me, vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage, by a more than uncommonly handsome figure, these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page, but the scriptures of the *Old* and *New-Testament*, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay-wedding.

Persian Wisdom.

IN the treasury of one of the kings of Persia, was found a vase with the following lines inlaid in gold. One cannot but smile at the turn, in which is an equal proportion of philosophy and humor.—"He who has no wealth, has no credit;—he who has not an obedient wife, has no repose;—he who has no offspring has no strength;—he who has no kindred, has no supporters;—and he who has none of these—*lives free from care.*"

Revolutions of Life.

Indigence and Obscurity, are the parents of Vigilance and Economy.—Vigilance and Economy, of Riches and Honor.—Riches and Honor, of Pride and Luxury.—Pride and Luxury, of Impunity and Idleness.—Impunity and Idleness, of Indigence and Obscurity.—Such are the Revolutions of Life!

AMUSING.

[*From Lewis's Comic Sketches.*]

OF all the ignoramusses breathing those in the West of England exceed all belief. As a proof, I have to mention the uncommon ignorance of a collier, who had never been but once over the threshold of a church door since his baptism; and this visit was accidentally caused by a shower of rain obliging him to take shelter there. It was in Bristol, and during the time of divine service. The heathenish boor returning home, thus told his brother clods what he had heard and seen:

"I have been in a place where I never was before, and where I never design to be again; for there I zaw twelve vellows cocked up in a sort of hay loft, shouting and zinging away for dear life. I ax'd 'em is they had got any thing to dring there—and a zort of a dog-whipping vellow came up to me with a zwich in his hand, and told me in a huff, I could get nothing to drink there. How dost know that? says I—thee beest not land-lord—beest thee? So then he took my hat off my head. Dang it, I had a great mind to a given him a douse o' th' chops, and zet him a spinning like a whirligig. But I thought I wouldn't kick up a doust.—Zo I went a little varther, and I zaw a zet of men and women penn'd up together like zo many ewes and weathers an a vair. In the middle of 'um there was a little mon lock'd up in a tub—a was as true as I'm a living zoul of a zinner, lock'd up in a tub breast high, with a shirt as black as a coal, and a little white zlobbering bib, slit in two and stuck under his chin. Turning up his eyes, he prayed away to be delivered. Below there zat a little mon mocking of 'um for whatever one said t'other said too. By and bye, the little mon in a black shirt pull'd it off and there was another as white as a clout—and then with a twist of his wristippes, he opened the tub and came down, and took a little baby out of a woman's arms, and carried it to a zort of a hog trow, and splash'd his vace over and over again with cold water. Dang it, thinks I, who knows where this frolic may end? Mayhap, if they maggot bites, they'll duck me too, and zo I took to my heels and scampered away. And if they do catch I within a church again, I'll give him leave to zoose and sop me o'er and o'er again."—This was all the idea a West country collier had of a church.

[*The following curious advertisement is recommended to the notice of many.*]

TO DRAM DRINKERS AND DRAM SELLERS.

WHEREAS the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and in person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance: Finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through impossibility to get liquor; he therefore begs and earnestly prays, that in future no person will sell him, either for money or on trust, any sort of spiritous liquors, as he will not in future pay for it—but will present any such one for an action of damages against the temporal and eternal interest of the public's humble, serious, sober servant,

JAMES CHALMERS.

ANECDOTES.

A SMART Yorkshire lad, who was sent to school to one Wilkins, near Pontefract, having one day insulted a gentleman by calling him *Pontius Pilate*, was very severely corrected for it. The master, at every cut he gave him, cautioned him never to say Pontius Pilate again. This the lad carefully treasured in his memory; and being soon after catechised in church, when he came to *the belief*, instead of saying, *he suffered under Pontius Pilate*, said, *he suffered under Timothy Wilkins, schoolmaster.*

—

AN apothecary who used to value himself on his skill in the nature of drugs, asserted in a company of physicians, that all bitter things were hot. *No* said a gentleman present, *there is one of a very different quality, I am sure; and that is a bitter cold day.*

Lancaster, *February* 27, 1805.

MARRIED, on Wednesday evening last, Capt. *Jacob Slough*, to Miss *Polly Greaff*, daughter of Jacob Greaff, Esq. all of this borough.

Cheer up ye *old Bachelors*, shake off your fear;
Learn like your *Captain* to lead out your dear,
And in wedlocks sweet arms repose with a wife,
So will peace gild the morn and eve of your life!

———, in this Borough, on Tuesday evening the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Latta, Mr. *Joseph Bear*, to Miss *Catharine Shindle*, both of Strasburg, Lancaster county.

What a strange thing it is for a lass without fear,
To trust her fair form in the *embrace* of a BEAR!!

ASTONISHING FECUNDITY.

A gentleman from Marietta informs that he saw a gentleman there of undoubted veracity, who had gone 20 miles out of his route to see a family from New-England, consisting of TWENTY FOUR SONS, all produced at TWELVE BIRTHS from ONE WOMAN!!! It is added, that a petition will be presented to the legislature of the state of Ohio at their next session, to grant each member of this extraordinary family one hundred acres of land.—KEN. PAP.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

SONG.

Tune—"*From thee Eliza I must go.*"

AH, cruel fate! long I deplore
Thy stern, thy dread decree!
Resistless was thy power that tore
My darling Nymph from me.
The Lark that carols o'er yon lea,
And hails the dawning day,
Sure ne'er was more distress'd to see
Her nestlings torn away.

Yet one sweet ray beams to my view,
Of Hope, which cheers my heart:
I'll ever, ever find thee true;
My own—my dearest part!
Ne'er can thy breast, with virtue fraught,
(Which palpitates to love!)
Forget the flame it early caught;
Nor yet unfaithful prove!

Farewel! thou choicest of the fair!—
I ever shall adore!—
Thou still, LUCINDA, art my care,
Tho' we should meet no more!
When awful dissolution's nigh,
And life's last torrent flows,
I'll raise my supplicating sigh
For thee 'till life doth close. LORENZO.

A MENDICANT's EPITAPH.

Stranger! here lieth a poor abject sinner,
Who oft was near starv'd for want of a dinner;
By poverty oft and by sorrow then pinch'd,
He was wretched thro' life—now death has him clinch'd;
And he squeez'd him so tight; his breath is all fled.
His riches, this grave—the wealth of the dead!
Drop a tear gentle sir, for poor Beggar Ned.
ALONZO.

EPIGRAM.—ESTO PERPETUA.

A Clown, by hunger, once sharp-set,
Within the pantry's bounds intruding,
Made shift to steal, and stealing, eat,
His own whole length in shear black pudding.

Too full, a mouthful more to take,
He look'd, he sigh'd, his grief grew stronger,
"Oh, Fortune! Fortune!—If thou make
Puddings so long,—make bellies longer." M.

A POETICAL LETTER,

From love-sick Jacob to coy Nancy.

TO thee, dear Nancy, thee my sweeting,
Poor prisoner Jacob sendeth greeting:
Whereas, so pleas'd the pow'rs above,
I'm fall'n disperately in love;
For Cupid took a station sly
In one bright corner of your eye,
And from his bow let fly a dart,
Which miss'd my ribs, and hit my heart,
Pierc'd thro' and thro', and passing further,
Put all my inside out of order.
Nor this the only pleague, I found
Love entered at the viewless wound;
As mice into a cheese will creep,
Through a small chink, and entering deep,
While all without looks fair and well,
They leave the cheese an empty shell:
Unlucky Jacob, full of smart,
Entreats you to return his heart;
Or else, to ease his ceaseless moan,
Make an exchange, and send your own.
O Nancy! thee I love more fully
Than ever Hudibrass lov'd Trulla;
No Æneas of old, nor Dido,
Could love one half so hot as I do.
I hold my Nancy more a goddess,
Than Venus fair, or Dian modest:
Throughout the world thy glories shine,
Nor hath the sun such powers as thine.
Thy looks make fair or cloudy weather;
Thy beauty keeps the world together,
And should a drought e'er come again,
Should you but frown I know 'twould rain.
For you the earth produces flowers,
For you clouds drop in lovely showers;
Fruits only grow that you may eat,
And pigs and calves to find you meat.
Your charming smiles, which we observe,
Should you withhold the world would starve;
Earth would withhold her wonted store,
And plums and peaches be no more.
O Nancy! could you once but love me,
How mighty glad poor Jacob would be;
Nor time, nor fate, our love should sever,
I'd stick to you like wax for ever.
Come love me, Nancy, for I tell you,
I am a pretty clever fellow;
And you must think so too, for (why)?
No one can tell as well as I.
Here follows then, without objection,
The rent-roll of poor Jack's perfection:—
Know then, all woman kind, that I,
(When straight), am nearly six feet high;
Whence, by plain reasoning, it appears
I'm one of nature's grenadiers:
Yet I (to whisper this between us)
Serve only in the wars of Venus.
I'm brown, and one good thing (observe) is,
I have black hair, ma'am, at your service.
Of wit I brag not, yet with brains
Enough to walk in when it rains—
To know the odds 'twixt cheese and chalk,
And tell a hand-saw from a hawk;
To cane a man that should abuse me,
And hang myself if you refuse me.
Now some who judge of folks by book,
Tell me I have a hanging look,
You must direct me which to choose,
The gallows rope, or marriage noose;
I must, (as you and fate incline)
Hang round your neck, or hang by mine;
Your frowns or smiles can make or break me,
So Nancy! or the d...l, must take me.
I have some faults, my foes will bawl,
But I've forgiven myself for all;
And so I'm ne'er the worse, I fancy,
If you can think so too, my Nancy;
And while I dote thus on your charms,
Pardon and take me to your arms;
E'en as the Pope (their sins forgiven)
Sends all his servants safe to Heaven;
Unless they miss the way to glory,
And stop to dine at Purgatory.
Let Venus, and let Cupid hear,
And all the powers by which we swear,
If you for better, and for worse,
Will take poor Jacob to be yours,
My love shall last so long, no doubt,
Eternity shall first run out;
And be so great (when I unfold it)
Immensity shall stretch to hold it.
And when death comes in fire and thunder,
To cut the marriage knot asunder,
I'll hold you spite of wind and weather,
Death's dart shall nail us both together.
Then yield, my fair, and with me take up,
And I'll be yours, while I am Jacob.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

COME, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love, without deceit,
And I would range the world around
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me, where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle from her eye.

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
'Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Shew me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do.

THE ARCADIAN LOVERS.

"PRETTY Sheperdess I love thee!"
Colon once was heard to say;
"If my Emma can approve me,
How I'll bless the happy day."

"Say, in yonder dismal glade,
Must your Colon ever weep?"
"Poo! poo!" cried the fretful maid,
"Get you gone, and mind your sheep."

[*Companion.*] X.

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